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LETTERS FROM BELGIUM.

LETTER VI.

Continued from page 161.

Dec. 21.—THOSE who confess the day before communion preserve themselves as much as possible in stillness and retirement of mind from any thing which might distract them from thoughts of the sacred communion in which they are about to participate. Many would not confess the day before on any account, but purify their souls at the tribunal of penance immediately before communicating. Persons whose circumstances place them beyond the reach of worldly distraction, by business or pleasure, and who lead devout lives, and who wish to communicate once or twice a week, may do so with confessing once a week, or once a fortnight; but this is the utmost limit of time allowed to pass between confession and communion.

I must now collect my thoughts to give you a description of the Mass as a Sacrament, and our regulations for receiving this most sublime sacrament. The day is approaching which will give me an opportunity of doing this, when it is received with much solemnity, on Christmas Day; it being the fervent custom for the whole congregation to receive the new-born Saviour in holy communion during the Mass. I think you will be much interested in a description of a Catholic Christmas Day, so very different from any thing you have ever known in a Protestant land. I shall, therefore, reserve all I have to say about it till the day arrive, and then I propose to give you my *diary* for the day, writing during the short intervals of time between the services, which will not be many nor long I can predict to you. In the mean time I must try your patience with a little dry explanation of the Mass as a Sacrament, that you may be the better prepared to arise with me at four o'clock on Christmas morning, and go out to church by lantern light, and understand why the extraordinary devotion, to which we shall then together be witnesses, is both natural and reasonable in a Roman Catholic, holding the faith he does concerning the Sacrament of the Altar.

It will be difficult for you to realize Jesus giving his own Flesh and Blood to be our food in the most Blessed Sacrament of the Altar. There is a sort of shrinking in your church from this realization of the

truth, from understanding in its simplicity the declaration of Christ—"The bread that I will give is my flesh;" bringing to us the nearness, the entireness of COMMUNION. Many members of your church seem only able to bear a reasonable perception of Christ's approach, or rather, His memorial, and cannot suffer the transporting reality of His love in communicating His very self. It is reasonable, to suppose a friend who loved us so well as to give his life for us, leaving us some institution in commemoration of that love. Whether it be to eat a little bread, and to drink a little wine, or whether it had been to wear some peculiar sort of clothing, or to recite some certain form of words at stated times. It was reasonable something should be required of us, and that that something should be performed with strong feeling of gratitude and affectionate remembrance, and prepared for by many days of prayer and meditation. And they can go thus far, therefore.

Perhaps, you are not acquainted with any holding so low and distant notions of the sacrament; but it is nevertheless true that your church has almost every degree of light within her pale, by each of which she allows her various children to view this great mystery according to the strength of the vision of their faith. I know an Oxford clergyman, standing now high in your church, and who, always was very high church, who, when young, preached an ingenious and eloquent sermon, to induce his congregation to frequent the sacrament, and endeavoured to lessen their awe of it, by showing that the sacrament of the Lord's Supper was commemorative of Christ's death, &c.; but that the whole theory of Christ's Body and Blood being really present, was overthrown by the consideration, that when Christ said, "this is my Body," he had not died, but was present among them in the body. And that, therefore, the words could only mean, "this is the representation of my Body," and to be taken in commemoration of my death.—I know not whether, this clergyman has since changed his opinions, but this sermon made a great impression at the time, and certainly influenced many young minds, too young to reason upon the almighty power of Christ, to multiply his body as well before it was glorified, as now that it is glorified He so multiplies it.

There are others who go farther, who believe with Dodsworth, that "the Church-of-England doctrine is this—that the real presence of Christ's most precious Body and Blood is not to be sought for in the sacrament apart from the recipient, but in the worthy receiver of the sacrament; that is, before participation

the elements, although consecrated, remain but 'creatures of bread and wine,' and the broken bread is his body, and the blessed cup is his blood, 'only in the very heart and soul of him that receiveth them.' Every one on reflection must see the importance of this distinction. It is one thing to assert, 'that the grace of the eucharist must needs be in the eucharist before it can be in us who receive it, and quite another thing to say, that the fruit of the eucharist, to those who receive it by faith, is the participation of the body and blood of Christ.'**

This is, perhaps, the most monstrous interpretation which can be given of the communion of Christ with us. There is something almost ludicrous in the thought that bread and wine which have been simply blest should become Christ by my swallowing them. The author of this tract contradicts the theory, and overturns what he believes, in the outset in a note, page 4, where he points out the very distinction which the apostle makes, and says, "It is important to observe," that the apostle does not say 'the cup of blessing which we *drink*, and the bread which we eat,' are the communion of the blood and the communion of the body of Christ; but 'the cup of blessing which we *bless*, and the bread which we *break*, are they not the communion of the body of Christ?'—confusing and confounding his own reasoning in a very incoherent manner: this very text proving that the bread and wine became much more than "vehicles" of grace," becoming by consecration the very body and blood—that is, Christ Himself.

How rapid a sale, and how wide a distribution the tracts of this author obtained, will but too clearly show how eagerly this, and other as fanciful of the notions he had adopted, were received, now to be succeeded by clearer lights within his church.

Now the fluctuating church allows her children to see more clearly, and Dodsworth is contradicted by numerous writers of the new day. From these I will only make one extract, which is itself an extract, and in a pamphlet called "The doctrine of the Church of England on the holy Eucharist," and which, though taken from the writings of an early reformer, Bishop Overall, is cited as giving the opinion of the present day. It is cited to prove that the Church of England maintains the doctrine of the real presence, not in *swallowing* blessed bread and wine, but actually and positively by the words of consecration, as we do. It is this:

"Before consecration we call them God's creatures of bread and wine; now we do so no more after consecration, wherein we have the advantage of the Church of Rome, who calls them still creatures, in their very Mass after consecration: and yet they will be upbraiding us for denying the real presence, whereas we believe it better than they." [In this Bishop Overall strangely mistakes us, as I shall show you presently. The real presence at and after consecration being our chief corner-stone.] The bishop continues: "For after consecration we think no more of bread and wine, but have our thoughts taken up

wholly with the Body of Christ; and, therefore, we keep ourselves to these words only, abstaining from the other (though the bread remain there still to the eye), which they do not."

How entirely contradictory of each other are all these opinions! It seems extraordinary how persons holding one of them can admit the others to be of the same church, much more how each can be our "authoritative teacher" in that church.

Suppose each of these three authorized ministers of the Church of England to be kneeling before the same Priest, a Bishop, perhaps, to receive your Church's communion from his hands, and by some accident a portion were to fall on the ground, a crumb for instance, against such accident there is little precaution as it passes from the Priest's hands to that of the communicant. The young Oxonian, whose sermon I have mentioned (he was young when he preached it), would gather it up as a morsel of bread blessed and sanctified by his Bishop's prayers, to be eaten in commemoration of Christ's death, representing to him His crucified Body. Dodsworth would gather it to him with greater reverence, as being in a state to become Christ's body to him should he swallow it; but should he replace it on the altar only, it would remain like ground tilled and enriched, ready to receive some precious grain; but should that grain be never sown, the ground would remain barren and valueless. The author of the last extract would, if he followed out his faith, bow down and adore his present Saviour.

How different is this conflict of opinions from the one-ness of belief of the Mother—the Church of Rome! Her teaching never varies. To her greatest Theologians, and to her catechism babe, she has but one declaration to make. She declares God's truth, and she declares it simply, but there is majesty in her simplicity, and grandeur, as in the personification of truth there must ever be. Her words are:

"After the consecration the sacrament of the eucharist contains really the true body of Jesus Christ; the substance of bread and wine is destroyed, and the appearance of them alone remains." Cat. Coun. Trent.

"In what manner is Jesus Christ in the eucharist?"

"He is there whole and entire, living, immortal, indivisible." Cat. Coun. Trent. And as our little Flemish catechisms say,

"Christ is therein present, Godhead and Manhood, soul and body: a glorious body as it is in heaven."

And thus we believe. When Jesus Christ's Priest places within our lips the consecrated host, we believe firmly, and without any doubt, that we receive within us Jesus Christ Himself, "whole and entire."

It is in consequence of the failure of this simple faith that so many errors take the semblance of very plausible truths. Among which errors stands prominent the accusation, that our church "refuses" (as it is called) "the cup to the laity," and "give but half a sacrament."

You say you cannot think how I can explain or excuse this. I own I do not wonder at its appearing a difficulty to those from whom so many vital truths are hidden. And as I know it is a very serious difficulty to many, even deterring them from coming

home to Christ's true fold. I will take the utmost care I can to try to show you how groundless are the objections made to this rule of church discipline.

When our Divine Master instituted the most blessed Sacrifice and Sacrament of the Altar, he was with his disciples alone, who were necessarily all Priests, and must thus offer it as a sacrifice, and receive it as a sacrament. To this double end they were, therefore, instructed by their Lord, part of which instruction is contained in the written word. But you who admit the traditional teaching of the church as well as the written word, cannot suppose that all the instruction given by our Lord at that Last Supper is contained in the scriptures. You must know that he by oral instruction constituted his disciples living authorities to communicate what he taught them, and it is in this oral instruction that was contained the development of the celebration of our sacred Mysteries, and which was by them communicated to the church, and which the church has preserved to us.

I think you quite understand that in the Mass the Priest offers Jesus Christ as a sacrifice, and his communion, that is, his receiving the Body, and receiving the Blood of Christ, is the consummation of the sacrifice.

This is one thing intended. But the officiating Priest works out two spiritual intentions under the same outward action. His second is receiving Jesus Christ to himself sacramentally.

The first of these the laity cannot perform; the Priests alone can offer Christ in sacrifice. The second the laity can perform equally with the Priest, namely, receive Christ sacramentally.

Try to keep in your mind these two distinctions. When the Priest consecrates, he consecrates a portion of bread first. Then he consecrates a portion of wine. When he says the words in Christ's place: "This is my Body," the portion of bread becomes—What? When he says the words in Christ's place: "This is my Blood," the portion of wine becomes—What? You will answer doubtless, "the portion of bread becomes Christ's Body, and the portion of wine becomes His Blood." Your answer is correct. But you would also answer quite correctly if you were to say, "the portion of bread becomes Christ." Have you any objection to such an answer? If you have not, you will equally answer, "The portion of wine becomes Christ." Now, what sort of Christ do they become? A dead Christ? Or a living Christ?

As a sacrifice, Christ's actual death is pleaded before almighty justice, in his mystical death upon one altar, at the consecration; but as a sacrament, as communicating Himself to us.

Doubtless you will say, "A living Christ." Certainly Christ lives unto us. We receive Christ alive.

But again, What sort of Christ? A whole Christ? or a divided Christ?

Can a living body be divided? Can a living body be separated from its life-blood?

No. Therefore our church teaches us—Christ is present, "whole and entire, living, indivisible," both under the appearance of the bread, and under the appearance of the wine. Each species is Christ. "Christ in

his Godhead and Manhood, soul and body, a glorious body, as it is in heaven."

What, then, is the meaning of Christ's words, of the bread, "this is my Body," and of the wine, "this is my Blood?" We answer, sacrificially. Because the bread is become his body, which was to die, and the wine his blood, to show us the manner of his dying, namely, by blood-shedding, when offered sacrificially. But Christ is not, therefore, divided. Each species is Christ perfect; only the body is represented to our mind, and pleaded before God, by the appearance of the bread in the sacrifice, and the blood-shedding is represented to our mind, and pleaded before God in the appearance of the wine. But Christ is not divided.

Perhaps you may understand something of what we believe of these mysteries by thinking of an illustration such as this.

Suppose a sick person were ordered by his physician to take for his cure the sap of a certain tree, which could not be separated from the wood which contained it, without destroying its properties, as to the cure, any more than blood can be separated from a body and still be living blood. The physician would in this case order his patient to swallow a portion of the wood. Yet when any one spoke of what was to effect the cure of this sick person, they would mention only the sap—the juice. They would not think about the wood, the sap alone would be present to their mind, because the sap in this service was the thing intended to be taken.

Suppose, again, the cure, instead of being to be effected by the sap, was to be effected by the wood; but that the wood must be taken in a living state, therefore, with the sap contained in it. In this case, in speaking of the medicine, we should speak only of the wood. The wood alone would be present to our mind, because the wood alone would be intended to be taken. Yet in both cases, would not wood and sap be equally swallowed and received by the patient?

It is precisely so with the species of bread and wine as offered sacrificially. The body, Christ's sufferings in the body, is the thing the mind is called to dwell upon, and which is offered to God in the appearance of the bread, but Christ is entirely present. The blood-shedding is the thing the mind is called to dwell upon, and which is offered to God in the appearance of the wine, but Christ is entirely present.

Thus Christ being entirely present under each species, either the bread or the wine, when received sacramentally, is a perfect sacrament.

As to why the Church varies her discipline in giving the bread alone, or the wine alone, or both together, as circumstances have required, or still do require, it would be too long for me to enter upon here. We know she has a most sacred deposit committed to her trust in Christ's Sacred Presence in this sacrament, and that all her care, and wisdom, and vigilance are essential to guard her treasure. And our wonder is, not that she watches over it with jealous anxiety, but that she can so wisely arrange for us to participate therein so largely. We know that one reason of her allowing us to communicate in but one kind is, to secure it against profanation, and we are content with

every her arrangement to so precious an end. She has other weighty reasons, which I cannot touch upon here; it would require too much historical detail.

This reservation of the cup sacramentally is called by Protestants "refusing the cup to the laity." But our church equally refuses it to the Priesthood. No Priest ever receives any more than we the Lord Jesus Christ under the species of wine, except when he receives it also sacrificially; that is, in his celebration of Mass: when a Priest simply communicates he receives Christ only under the appearance of bread. Even on his death-bed he receives only as we do.

It is grievous to find how this subject is darkened and misrepresented by even the most learned writers of the present day, just for want of their having the simple faith, which both learned and unlearned, the Bishop and the labourer, equally hold in the Roman Catholic church. You are persuaded by these teachers that we suffer loss in this most holy sacrament. Let me entreat you to consider the subject a little farther with me, that you may see how erroneous is the persuasion.

Jesus Christ, our dear and precious Saviour, not only took upon him our nature to come and live thirty-three years among us, and then to die for our sins upon the painful cross; he carried his love for us to an excess far, far, beyond all this. By a matchless invention of affection to us, the created of his Father's hand, he planned a means by which he might abide with us always in his human nature, and come unto us, and become one with us in that same nature, whenever our love to him should draw us to desire his indwelling with us. How simple is it thence to understand, that when he comes thus to us in the most holy sacrament, he comes "whole and entire," "perfect God, and perfect man." And laying aside all theories and reasonings about the one element representing one part of Christ, and the other another, with a single heart to believe that we receive Christ, in intimate communion, that he becomes one with us, exactly as our food becomes a part of ourselves as soon as digested and received into our system. How intimate does such a belief bring us with the love of Christ! How devoutly must we love Him in return in experiencing the truth, that though the life of Christ on earth has passed away, and though his passionate suffering has passed away, and though we can only now commemorate these things with dear remembrance, as things we can never realize except by memory; yet that there is the strongest example of his love still every day present with us; which we can look upon, and our hands can handle, which we can bow down to, and draw nigh unto, and feed upon, and take unto us, and receive within us; and this is, that He, our own Saviour Jesus, who was dead and is alive again, comes down here—here on this earth, in his "God-head and Manhood, soul and body," "whole and entire, indivisible!" Or as St. Augustine says, "Christ became man, and took upon him our flesh, not only that he might die for us, but also that he might become our food in that same fleshly nature."

If you could once receive this simple faith, if you could once catch a glimpse of Christ's thus becoming

the guest of our very inward tabernacle in reality, not by figure, not by imagination, as a man may say of an earthly, absent friend, "he is present, though I do not see him, by the continual love I bear him;" but actually and really within us, as Christ has condescended to be within us every time we receive Him in the most blessed sacrament, which is Christ. Actually visiting us in his human nature, that same nature as our own, in the same body born, "man of the substance of his mother." Truly in this great mystery we see that God loves us "with an everlasting love," and that all things from the beginning have tended towards, and shadowed forth this completion of his great designs of love towards us. I hope to have opportunity of bringing this grand subject more intimately home to your affections, when I speak to you of Christ's abiding presence in the most holy sacrament. At present I wish to confine your thoughts to the receiving Him in holy communion, that your mind may give undivided attention to this one point, in order to set aside the erroneous notion that we suffer loss in receiving only under one kind. Forgive my going the same ground over so many times, I do so long to enable you to see as we see, to view this mystery by the torch of truth.

Do you believe that Christ is indivisible in this sacrament? Have you a clear notion, that when the whole substance of the bread is changed into Christ's body, that it is changed into Christ entirely? If you do, ask me what I receive when I kneel at holy communion? And what must my answer be? Truly that I receive Christ. Well, I receive Christ under the appearance of that one small portion of bread.

Could I receive more than Christ were I to receive twenty portions? Certainly not.

But the wine is Christ equally with the bread. Should I receive more than Christ, therefore, if my church permitted me also to receive the appearance of wine? Certainly not.

That appearance of bread, and that appearance of wine would immediately to me become one Christ. But you will still, perhaps, say, yes; but Christ gave the bread to represent his body, and the wine to represent his blood, and "if additional grace were not bestowed through the communion of the cup, then the administering Priest receives no benefit from it." Dr. Pusey's letter to the Bishop of Oxford, 3rd edit., page 138. My answer is as before, *Sacramentally* the Priest receives no benefit, because God has already exhausted His gifts upon him, in giving him Himself. He has already received Christ; he can receive no more. He still receives Christ; and no more; under the appearance of the wine. But sacrificially he receives every benefit of Christ's Passion for himself and for us, pleading as he does before the throne of justice, the outpouring of that precious blood which is to save his soul and the souls of those for whom he offers the sacrifice. And farther should we, the laity, will to receive, as you wish, the bread, because it represents Christ's body, and the wine, because it represents Christ's blood, *sacrificially* it would be to us impossible, the laity not having the priestly power to offer sacrifice. We can only receive sacramentally, and

the matter of the sacrament we receive is *Christ*, whom we receive under the appearance of bread, whole and entire, because Christ cannot be divided, the mystical sacrificial division not applying to the sacrament. Therefore, should our church see fit in wisdom to order the cup also to be given sacramentally, she would do so for some benefit of discipline, which we should obey, but which she would not do to confer on us any sacramental advantage, we having at present all we can have. The persuasion of "additional sacramental grace being bestowed through the communion of the cup," is a strong error. Nothing can be added to that which is already perfect. Grace itself comes to us to be our guest, and will with Himself "freely give us all things." How much more delightful is it to lay aside all controversial feeling, and to meditate in the simplicity of a lively faith on the fulness of benediction which comes to us with this grace-full guest; and to prepare our treasure-houses, by emptying them of all disputations, and conceits, and wrangling, that they may be swept and garnished, and opened wide, that the King of Grace may pour in "grace for grace!" Grace to spend upon the Royal Visitor, in providing him a reception fitting for the Prince of Peace, who comes to us forth from a heavenly home. Grace to be laid up for interest to serve Him in our daily life. Riches to pay one weighty debt, and satisfy before the tribunal of an offended Judge.

Sweet to be a Roman Catholic who needs not controversy, only instruction from his appointed teachers, to whom he yields his own opinions, and whose only business it is to become perfect in love.

You will, perhaps, be surprised at my saying it is the custom to communicate during the Mass on Christmas Day. I ought, therefore, to explain, that though we may communicate during the Mass on any day, yet we may also do so privately, that is before or after the Mass. And as it is most strictly binding on us to receive this holy sacrament fasting, many persons could not fast long enough to wait till the time of Mass; therefore, it has become the custom for most persons to communicate before the church service begins, and sufficiently early to enable them to leave the church and take some refreshment, and then return to hear Mass. But no consecration can take place out of the Mass; therefore, a sufficient number of hosts are consecrated during the Mass, to serve till the next Mass; these are devoutly preserved in what is called the Tabernacle, which is a little closet; sometimes built in the centre over the altar, and is the same as that beautiful erection you describe in the chapel you visited while travelling last summer. I will explain more about it when I speak to you of Christ's abiding presence in our Churches.

On Christmas Day no one is allowed to communicate before the Mass. The Church by this intending to set before our minds Christ's actual birth into the world, by his mystical birth upon our altar at the consecration.

[To be continued.]

One often says a deal in saying nothing.

"WHERE IS HE?"

And where is he? not by the side

Of her whose wants he lov'd to tend;

Nor o'er those valleys wandering wide,

Where sweetly lost he oft would wend!

That form beloved he marks no more,

Those scenes admired no more shall see;

Those scenes are lovely as before,

And she is fair, but where is he?

No, no; the radiance is not dim,

That used to gild his favourite hill;

The pleasures that were dear to him,

Are dear to life and nature still:

But, ah! his home is not as fair,

Neglected must his garden be,

The lilies droop and wither there,

And seem to whisper, "Where is he?"

His was the pomp, the crowded hall,

But where is now this proud display?

His riches, honours, pleasures, all

Desire could frame: but where are they?

And he, as some tall rock that stands

Protected by the circling sea,

Surrounded by admiring bands,

Seem'd proudly saying, "and where is he?"

The church-yard bears an added stone,

The fire-side shows a vacant chair;

Here Sadness dwells, and weeps alone,

And Death displays his banner there.

The life has gone, the breath has fled,

And what has been, no more shall be;

The well-known form, the welcome tread,

O where are they, and where is he?

Neele.

ITALIAN BUFFALOES.

As we were resting our horses at a little inn on the side of the road, I had a fine opportunity of getting close to a very large herd of Italian buffaloes. These wild-looking animals have got a bad name for supposed ferocity; and when I expressed my determination to approach them, I was warned by the Italians not to do so, as the buffaloes were wicked brutes, and would gore me to death. Having singled out a tree or two of easy ascent, where the herd was grazing, I advanced close up to it, calculating that one or other of the trees would be a protection to me, in case the brutes should prove unruly. They all ceased eating, and stared at me as though they had never seen a man before. Upon this I immediately threw my body, arms, and legs, into all kinds of antic movements, grumbling loudly at the same time; and the whole herd, bulls, cows, and calves, took off as fast as ever they could pelt, leaving me to return sound and whole to the inn, with a hearty laugh against the Italians.—*Waterton's Essays on Natural History.*

Cause of the Potato Failure.—For some time after the failures appeared, I durst not venture to offer any opinion on the subject; but, from seeing the fanciful opinions that began to be vended as to the cause of failure, I turned my attention to the subject, and soon came to be satisfied that the evil arose entirely from the seed being placed in the ground when it and the manure were too dry to bring on vegetation.

THE STOLEN SHEEP.

AN IRISH SKETCH.

By the Author of "Tales of the O'Hara Family."

THE faults of the lower orders of the Irish are sufficiently well known: perhaps their virtues have not been proportionately observed, or recorded for observation. At all events it is but justice to them, and it cannot conflict with any established policy, or do any one harm to exhibit them in a favourable light to their British fellow-subjects, as often as strict truth will permit. In this view the following story is written—the following facts, indeed; for we have a newspaper report before us, which shall be very slightly departed from, while we make our copy of it.

The Irish plague, called typhus fever, raged in its terrors. In almost every third cabin there was a corpse daily. In every one, without an exception, there was what had made the corpse—hunger. It need not be added that there was poverty, too. The poor could not bury their dead. From mixed motives of self-protection, terror, and benevolence, those in easier circumstances exerted themselves to administer relief, in different ways. Money was subscribed—(then came England's munificent donation—God prosper her for it!)—wholesome food, or food as wholesome as a bad season permitted, was provided; and men of respectability, bracing their minds to avert the danger that threatened themselves, by boldly facing it, entered the infected house, where death reigned almost alone, and took measures to cleanse and purify the close-cribbed air, and the rough, bare walls. Before proceeding to our story, let us be permitted to mention some general marks of Irish virtue, which, under those circumstances, we personally noticed. In poverty, in abject misery, and at a short and fearful notice, the poor man died like a Christian. He gave vent to none of the poor man's complaints or invectives against the rich man who had neglected him, or who, he might have supposed, had done so, till it was too late. Except for a glance;—and, doubtless, a little inward pang while he glanced—at the starving, and perhaps infected wife, or child, or old parent as helpless as the child—he blessed God, and died. The appearance of a comforter at his wretched bed-side, even when he knew comfort to be useless, made his heart grateful, and his spasmed lips eloquent in thanks. In cases of indescribable misery—some members of his family lying lifeless before his eyes, or some some dying—stretched upon damp and unclean straw, on an earthen floor, without cordial for his lips, or potatoes to point out to a crying infant—often we have heard him whisper to himself, (and to another who heard him!) "The Lord giveth, and the Lord taketh away; blessed be the name of the Lord." Such men need not always make bad neighbours.

In the early progress of the fever, before the more affluent roused themselves to avert its career, let us cross the threshold of an individual peasant. His young wife lies dead; his second child is dying at her side; he has just sunk into a corner himself, under the first stun of disease, long resisted. The only persons of his family who have escaped contagion, and are likely to escape it, are his old father, who sits weeping feebly upon the hob, and his first born, a boy of three or four years, who, standing between the old man's knees, cries also for food.

We visit the young peasant's abode some time after. He has not sunk under "the sickness." He is fast regaining his strength, even without proper nourishment; he can creep out of doors, and sit in the sun. But in the expression of his sal-

low and emaciated face, there is no joy for his escape from the grave, as he sits there alone, silent and brooding. His father, and his surviving child, are still hungry—more hungry, indeed, and more helpless than ever; for the neighbours who had relieved the family with a potato and a mug of sour milk, are now stricken down themselves, and want assistance to a much greater extent than they can give it.

"I wish Mr. Evans was in the place," cogitated Michael Carroll; a body could spake farn't him, and not spake for nothin', for all that he's an Englishman; and I don't like the thoughts o' goin' up to the house to the steward's face—it wouldn't turn kind to a body. May be he'd soon come home to us, the mashter himself."

Another fortnight elapsed. Michael's hope proved vain. Mr. Evans was still in London; though a regular resident on his small Irish estate, since it had come into his possession, business unfortunately—and he would have said so himself—now kept him an unusually long time absent. Thus disappointed, Michael overcame his repugnance to appear before the "hard" steward. He only asked for work, however. There was none to be had. He turned his slow and still feeble feet into the adjacent town. It was market-day, and he took up his place among a crowd of other claimants for agricultural employment, shouldering a spade as did each of his companions. Many farmers came to the well-known "stannin'," and hired men at his right and at his left, but no one addressed Michael. Once or twice, indeed, touched perhaps by his sidelong looks of beseeching misery, a farmer stooped a moment before him, and glanced over his figure; but his worn and almost shaking limbs giving little promise of present vigour in the working field, worldly prudence soon conquered the humane feeling which started up towards him in the man's heart, and, with a choking in his throat, poor Michael saw the arbiter of his fate pass on.

He walked homeward, without having broken his fast that day. "Bud, *musha*, what's the harm o' that," he said to himself; "only here's the ould father, an' her pet boy, the weenock, without a pyatee either. Well, *ashore*, if they can't have the pyatees, they must have better food—that's all;—ay—" he muttered, clenching his hands at his sides, and imprecating fearfully in Irish,—"an' so they must."

He left his house again, and walked a good way to beg a few potatoes. He did not come back quite empty-handed. His father and his child had a meal. He ate but a few himself; and when he was about to lie down in his corner for the night, he said to the old man, across the room—"Don't be a-crying to-night, father, you and the child, there; bud sleep well, and ye'll have the good break'ast afore ye in the mornin'." "The good break'ast, *ma-bauchal*?" athen, an' where'll id comè from?" "A body promised it to me, father." "*Avich!* Michael, an' sure it's fun you're making of us, now, at any rate. Bud, the good night, a *chorra*, an' my blessin' on your head, Michael; an' if we keep trust in the good God, an' ax his blessin', too, mornin' an' evenin', gettin' up an' lyin' down, He'll be a friend to us at last: that was always an' ever my word to you, poor boy, since you was at the years o' your own weenock, now fast asleep at my side; an' it's my word to you now, *ma-bauchal*; an' you won't forget id; and there's one sayin' the same to you, out o' heaven, this night—herself, an' her little angel-in-glory by the hand, Michael, a *vounneen*."

Having thus spoken in the fervent and rather exaggerated, though every-day, words of pious allusion of the Irish poor man, old Carroll soon dropt asleep, with his arms round his

little grandson, both overcome by an unusually abundant meal. In the middle of the night he was awakened by a stealthy noise. Without moving, he cast his eyes round the cabin. A small window, through which the moon broke brilliantly, was open. He called to his son, but received no answer. He called again and again; all remained silent. He arose, and crept to the corner where Michaul had lain down. It was empty. He looked out through the window into the moonlight. The figure of a man appeared at a distance, just about to enter a pasture-field belonging to Mr. Evans.

The old man leaned his back against the wall of the cabin, trembling with sudden and terrible misgivings. With him the language of virtue, which we have heard him utter, was not cant. In early prosperity, in subsequent misfortunes, and in his late and present excess of wretchedness, he had never swerved in practice from the spirit of his own exhortations to honesty before men, and love for and dependence upon God, which, as he has truly said, he had constantly addressed to his son, since his earliest childhood. And hitherto that son had, indeed, walked by his precepts, farther assisted by a regular observance of the duties of his religion. Was he now about to turn into another path? to bring shame on his father in his old age! to put a stain on their family and their name, "the name that a rogue or a bould woman never bore?" continued old Carroll, indulging in some of the pride and egotism for which an Irish peasant is, under his circumstances, remarkable. And then came the thought of the personal peril incurred by Michaul; and his agitation, incurred by the feebleness of age, nearly overpowered him.

He was sitting on the floor, shivering like one in an ague-fit, when he heard steps outside the house. He listened, and they ceased: but the familiar noise of an old barn-door creaking on its crazy hinges, came on his ear. It was now day-dawn. He dressed himself; stole out, cautiously; peeped into the barn, through a chink in the door, and all he had feared met full confirmation. There, indeed, sat Michaul, busily and earnestly engaged, with a frowning brow and a haggard face, in quartering the animal he had stolen from Mr. Evans's field.

The sight sickened the father—the blood on his son's hands, and all. He was barely able to keep himself from falling. A fear, if not a dislike, of the unhappy culprit also came upon him. His unconscious impulse was to re-enter their cabin unperceived, without speaking a word; he succeeded in doing so; and then he fastened the door again, and undressed, and resumed his place beside his innocent grandson.

About an hour afterwards, Michaul came in cautiously through the still open window, and also undressed and reclined on his straw, after glancing towards his father's bed, who pretended to be asleep. At the usual time for arising, old Carroll saw him suddenly jump up, and prepare to go abroad. He spoke to him, leaning on his elbow.

"And what *holly** is on you now, *ma-bauchal*?" "Going for the good break'ast I promised you, father dear." "An' who's the good christin 'ill give id to us, Michaul?" "Oh, you'll know that, soon, father: now, a good bye!"—he hurried to the door. "A good bye, then, Michaul; bud, tell me, what's that on your hand?" "No—nothin'," stammered Michaul, changing colour, as he hastily examined the hand himself; "nothin' is on id: what could there be?" (nor was there, for he had very carefully removed all evidence of guilt from his person; and the father's question was asked upon grounds distinct from any thing he then saw.) "Well, *avich*, an' sure I didn't say any thing was on it wrong; or any thing to make you look so

square, an' spake so sthrange to your father this mornin';—only I'll ax you, Michaul, over agin, who has taken such a sudd'n likin' to us, to send us the good break'ast?—an' answer me sthraight, Michaul—what is id to be, that you call it so good?" "The good mate, father!"—he was again passing the threshold. "Stop!" cried his father; "stop, an' turn forment me. Mate!—the good mate?—What 'ud bring mate into our poor house, Michaul? Tell me, I bid you agin an' agin, who is to give id to you?" "Why, as I said afore, father, a body that—" "A body that thieved id, Michaul Carroll!" added the old man, as his son hesitated, walking close up to the culprit; "a body that thieved id, an' no other body. Don't think to blind me, Michaul. I am ould, to be sure; but sense enough is left in me to look round among the neighbours, in my own mind, an' know that none of 'em that has the will, has the power to send us the mate for our break'ast, in an honest way. An' I don't say, outright, that you had the same thought wid me, when you consented to take it from a thief—I don't mean to say that you'd go to turn a thief's recaiver, at this hour o' your life, an' afther growin' up from a boy to a man widout bringin' a spot o' shame on yourself, or on your weenock, or on one of us. No; I won't say that. Your heart was scalded, Michaul, an' your mind was darkened, for a start; an' the thought o' gettin' comfort for the ould father, an' for the little son, made you consent in a hurry, widout lookin' well afore you, or widout lookin' up to your good God." "Father, father, let me alone! don't spake them words to me," interrupted Michaul, sitting on a stool, and spreading his large and hard hands over his face. "Well, thin, an' I won't, *avich*; I won't;—nothin' to trouble you, sure: I didn't mean id;—only this, *a-courneen*, don't bring a mouthful o' the bad, unlucky victuals into this cabin; the pyaties, the wild berries o' the bush, the wild roots o' the arth, will be sweeter to us, Michaul; the hunger itself will be sweeter; an' when we give God thanks afther our poor meal, or afther no meal at all, our hearts will be lighter, and our hopes for to-morrow sthronger, *avich-ma-chree*, than if we faisted on the fat o' the land, but couldn't ax a blessin' on our faist." "Well, thin, I won't either, father; I won't;—an' sure you have your way now. I'll only go out a little while from you—to beg; or else, as you say, to root down in the ground, with my nails, like a baste-brute, for our break'ast." "My vourneen you are, Michaul, an' my blessin' on your head; yes, to be sure, *avich*, beg, an' I'll beg wid you—sorrow a shame is in that:—No; but a good deed, Michaul, when it's done to keep us honest. So come; we'll go among the christhins together. Only, before we go, Michaul, my own dear son, tell me—tell one thing." "What, father?" Michaul began to suspect. "Never be afraid to tell me Michaul Carroll *ma-bauchal*? I won't—I can't be angry wid you now. You are sorry; an' your Father in heaven forgives you, and so do I. But you know, *avich*, there would be danger in quitting the place widout hidin' every scrap of any thing that could tell on us." "Tell on us! What can tell on us?" demanded Michaul; "what's in the place to tell on us?" "Nothin', in the cabin, I know, Michaul; but—" "But what, father?" "Have you left nothin' in the way, out there?" whispered the old man, pointing towards the barn. "Out there? Where? What? What do you mean at all, now father? Sure you know it's your ownself has kep me from as much as laying a hand on it." "Ay, to-day-mornin'; bud you laid a hand on it last night, *avich*, an' so—" "*Curp-an-duoil*!" imprecated Michaul—"this is too bad, at any rate; no I didn't—last night—let me alone I bid you, father." "Come back again, Michaul," commanded old Carroll, as the son once more hurried to the door: and his words were instantly obeyed. Michaul, after a glance abroad, and a start,

* What are you about.

which the old man did not notice, paced to the middle of the floor, hanging his head and saying in a low voice—"Hushth, now, father—it's time." "No, Michaul, I will not hushth; an' it's not time; come out with me to the barn." "Hushth!" repeated Michaul, whispering sharply: he had glanced sideways to the square patch of strong morning sun-light on the ground of the cabin, defined there by the shape of the open door, and saw it intruded upon by the shadow of a man's bust leaning forward in an earnest posture. "Is it in your mind to go back into your sin, Michaul, an' tell me you were not in the barn, at day-break, the mornin'?" asked his father, still unconscious of a reason for silence. "Arrah, hushth, ould man!" Michaul made a hasty sign towards the door, but was disregarded. "I saw you in id," pursued old Carroll sternly: "ay, and at your work in id, too." "What's that you're sayin', ould Peery Carroll?" demanded a well-known voice. "Enough to hang his son," whispered Michaul to his father, as Mr. Evans's land-steward, followed by his herdsman and two policemen, entered the cabin. In a few minutes afterwards, the policemen had in charge the dismembered carcass of the sheep, dug up out of the floor of the barn, and were escorting Michaul, handcuffed, to the county gaol, in the vicinity of the next town. They could find no trace of the animal's skin, though they sought attentively for it; and this seemed to disappoint them and the steward a good deal.

From the moment that they entered the cabin, till their departure, old Carroll did not speak a word. Without knowing it, as it seemed, he sat down on his straw bed, and remained staring stupidly around him, or at one or another of his visitors. When Michaul was about to leave the wretched abode, he paced quickly towards his father, and holding out his ironed hands, and turning his cheek for a kiss, said, smiling miserably—"God be wid you, father, dear." Still the old man was silent, and the prisoner and all his attendants passed out on the road. But it was then the agony of old Carroll assumed a distinctness. Uttering a fearful cry, he snatched up his still sleeping grandson, ran with the boy in his arms till he overtook Michaul; and, kneeling down before him in the dust, said—"I ax pardon o' you, *avich*—won't you tell me I have id afore you go? an' here, I've brought little Peery for you to kiss; you forgot him, *a-bourneen*." "No, father I didn't," answered Michaul, as he stooped to kiss the child; "an' get up father, get up; my hands are not my own, or I wouldn't let you do that afore your son. Get up, there's nothin' for you to throuble yourself about; that is, I mean, I have nothin' to forgive you: no, but every thing to be thankful for, an' to love you for; you were always an' ever the good father to me; an'—" The many strong and bitter feelings which till now he had almost perfectly kept in, found full vent, and poor Michaul could not go on. The parting, from his father, however, so different from what it had promised to be, comforted him. The old man held him in his arms, and wept on his neck. They were separated with difficulty.

Peery Carroll, sitting on the road-side after he lost sight of the prisoner, and holding his screaming grandson on his knees, thought the cup of his trials was full. By his imprudence he had fixed the proof of guilt on his own child; that reflection was enough for him, and he could indulge it only generally. But he was yet to conceive distinctly in what dilemma he had involved himself as well as Michaul. The Policemen came back to compel his appearance before the magistrate; and when the little child had been disposed of in a neighbouring cabin, he understood, to his consternation and horror, that he was to be the chief witness against the sheep-stealer. Mr. Evans's steward knew well the meaning of the words he had

overheard him say in the cabin, and that if compelled to swear all he was aware of, no doubt would exist of the criminality of Michaul in the eyes of a jury. "'Tis a strange thing to ax a father to do," muttered Peery, more than once, as he proceeded to the magistrate's; "it's a very strange thing."

The magistrate proved to be a very humane man. Notwithstanding the zeal of the steward and the policemen, he committed Michaul for trial, without continuing to press the hesitating and bewildered old Peery into any detailed evidence; his nature seemed to rise against the task, and he said to the steward—"I have enough of facts for making out a commital; if you think the father will be necessary on the trial, subpoena him."

The steward objected that Peery would abscond, and demanded to have him bound over to prosecute, on two sureties, solvent and respectable. The magistrate assented; Peery could name no bail; and consequently he also was marched to prison, though prohibited from holding the least intercourse with Michaul.

The assizes soon came on. Michaul was arraigned; and, during his plea of "not guilty," his father appeared, unseen by him, in the gaoler's custody, at the back of the dock, or rather in an inner dock. The trial excited a keen and painful interest in the court, the bar, the jury-box, and the crowds of spectators. It was universally known that a son had stolen a sheep, partly to feed a starving father; and that out of the mouth of that father it was now sought to condemn him. "What will the old man do?" was the general question, which ran through the assembly: and while few of the lower orders could contemplate the possibility of his swearing to the truth, many of their betters scarcely hesitated to make out for him a case of natural necessity to swear falsely.

The trial began. The first witness, the herdsman, proved the loss of the sheep, and the finding the dismembered carcass in the old barn. The policeman and the steward followed to the same effect, and the latter added the allusions which he had heard the father make to the son, upon the morning of the arrest of the latter. The steward went down from the table. There was a pause, and complete silence, which the attorney for the prosecution broke by saying to the orier deliberately, "Call Peery Carroll." "Here, Sir," immediately answered Peery, as the gaoler led him by a side-door, out of the back dock to the table. The prisoner started round; but the new witness against him had passed for an instant into the crowd.

The next instant, old Peery was seen ascending the table, assisted by the gaoler and by many other commiserating hands, near him. Every glance fixed on his face. The barristers looked wistfully up from their seats round the table; the judge put a glass to his eye, and seemed to study his features attentively. Among the audience there ran a low but expressive murmur of pity and interest.

Though much emaciated by confinement, anguish, and suspense, Peery's cheeks had a flush, and his weak blue eyes glittered. The half-gaping expression of his parched and haggard lips was miserable to see. And yet he did not tremble much, nor appear so confounded as upon the day of his visit to the magistrate.

The moment he stood upright on the table, he turned himself fully to the judge, without a glance towards the dock. "Sit down, sit down, poor man," said the judge. "Thanks to you, my lord, I will," answered Peery, "only, first I'd ax you to let me kneel, for a little start;" and he accordingly did kneel, and after bowing his head, and forming the sign of the cross on his forehead, he looked up, and said—"My Judge in heaven above, 'tis you I pray to keep me to my duty, afore my

earthly judge, this day:—Amen;”—and then repeating the sign of the cross, he seated himself.

The examination of the witness commenced, and humanely proceeded as follows—(the counsel for the prosecution taking no notice of the superfluity of Peery's answers). “Do you know Michael, or Michael, Carroll, the prisoner at the bar?” “Afore that night, Sir, I believed I knew him well; every thought of his mind, every bit of the heart in his body: afore that night, no living creatur could throw a word at Michael Carroll, or say he ever forgot his father's renown, or his love of his good God;—an sure the people are ather telling you by this time, how it come about that night—an' you, my lord—an' ye, gentlemen—an' all good christians that hear me;—here I am to help to hang him—my own boy, and my only one—but, for all that, gentlemen, ye ought to think of it; 'twas for the weenoch and the ould father that he done it;—indeed, an'deed, we hadn't a pyatee in the place; an the sickness was among us, a start afore; it took the wife from him, and another babby; an' id had himself down, a week or so beforehand; an' all that day, he was looking for work, but couldn't get a hand's turn to do; an' that's the way it was; not a mouthful for me an' little Peery; an', more betoken, he grew sorry for id in the mornin', an' promised me not to touch a scrap of what was in the barn, ay, long afore the steward; an' the peelers came on us—but was willin' to go among the neighbours an' beg our break'ast, along wid myself, from door to door, sooner than touch it.” “It is my painful duty,” resumed the barrister, when Peery would at length cease—“to ask you for closer information. You saw Michael Carroll in the barn, that night?” “*Musha—the Lord pity him and me—I did, Sir.*” “Doing what?” “The sheep between his hands,” answered Peery, dropping his head, and speaking almost inaudibly. “I must still give you pain, I fear—stand up; take the erier's rod; and if you see Michael Carroll in court, lay it on his head.” “*Och, musha, musha, Sir, don't ax me to do that!*” pleaded Peery, rising, wringing his hands, and for the first time weeping—“*och, don't my lord, don't, and may your own judgment be favourable, the last day.*” “I am sorry to command you to do it, witness, but you must take the rod,” answered the judge, bending his head close to his notes, to hide his own tears; and, at the same time, many a veteran barrister rested his forehead on the edge of the table. In the body of the court were heard sobs. “Michael, *avich!* Michael, *a boira-ma-chree!*” exclaimed Peery, when at length he took the rod, and faced round to his son; “is id your father they make to do it, *ma-bauchal!*” “My father does what is right,” answered Michael, in Irish. The judge immediately asked to have his words translated; and when he learned their import, regarded the prisoner with satisfaction. “We rest here, my lord,” said the counsel, with the air of a man freed from a painful task.

The judge instantly turned to the jury-box.

“Gentlemen of the jury. That the prisoner at the bar stole the sheep in question, there can be no shade of moral doubt. But you have a very peculiar case to consider. A son steals a sheep that his own famishing father and his own famishing son may have food. His aged parent is compelled to give evidence against him here for the act. The old man virtuously tells the truth, and the whole truth, before you and me. He sacrifices his natural feelings—and we have seen that they are lively—to his honesty, and to his religious sense of the sacred obligations of an oath. Gentlemen, I will pause to observe, that the old man's conduct is strikingly exemplary and even noble. It teaches all of us a lesson. Gentlemen, it is not within the province of a judge to censure the rigour of the proceedings which have sent him before us. But I venture to anticipate your

pleasure that, notwithstanding all the evidence given, you will be enabled to acquit that old man's son, the prisoner at the bar. I have said there cannot be the shade of a moral doubt that he has stolen the sheep, and I repeat the words. But, gentlemen, there is a legal doubt, to the full benefit of which he is entitled. The sheep has not been identified. The herdsman could not venture to identify it (and it would have been strange if he could) from the dismembered limbs found in the barn. To his mark on its skin, indeed, he might have positively spoken; but no skin has been discovered. Therefore, according to the evidence, and you have sworn to decide by that alone, the prisoner is entitled to your acquittal. Possibly, now that the prosecutor sees the case in its full bearing, he may be pleased with this result.”

While the jury, in evident satisfaction, prepared to return their verdict, Mr. Evans, who had but a moment before returned home, entered the court; and becoming aware of the concluding words of the judge, expressed his sorrow aloud, that the prosecution had ever been undertaken; that circumstances had kept him uninformed of it, though it had gone on in his name; and he begged leave to assure his lordship, that it would be his future effort to keep Michael Carroll in his former path of honesty, by finding him honest and ample employment, and, as far as in him lay, to reward the virtue of the old father.

While Peery Carroll was laughing and crying in a breath, in the arms of his delivered son, a subscription, commenced by the bar, was mounting into a considerable sum for his advantage.

SPOILIATION OF CHURCH-YARDS.

THE inhabitants of Enfield, and particularly those whose deceased friends are interred in the church-yard there, are much excited by the exposure which lately occurred at the public sale of the furniture at the late vicar's house. The vicarage garden joins the church-yard; and the late occupier it was seen, had used tomb-stones as paving for his stable yard. It is also reported, that some leaden coffins are not in their proper places. The inscription upon one stone at the stable door is nearly as plain as when it left the mason's hand. The late vicar received not less than £1,200 per annum, lived in the most niggardly manner as far as charity was concerned, and left at his death the sum of £60,000. The poor excuse of poverty could not be pleaded. We should like to learn whether the bishop has required any explanation from the churchwardens; and, if not, what means are likely to be used to prevent a repetition of such practices.—*Globe.*

“*Much will have More.*”—At a breakfast recently given to Professor Johnston, at Stranraer (the Earl of Stair presiding), Mr. Campbell, of Islay, said:—“Our distinguished guest has simply and beautifully elucidated one fact with regard to draining, which you and I, and others who live on or near hill-sides, have so often seen. He told you that a cloud from the ocean passing over a hill becomes dense on some parts and more diffused over others; and that if you inquired into the reason, you would find that it flies over dry land, but that when passing over moist the attraction of water to water brings the cloud there. And he showed you that by keeping your land dry, you would not only prevent a superfluous quantity of rain from falling, but you would also keep your land warm.” I felt myself the beauty of that explanation, for I have seen the occurrence often; and I heard everybody say, by the glance of his eye, and a little laugh from one corner—“How often have I seen that, and yet I never knew the reason of it till now!”—*Galloway Advertiser.*

TO THE EDITOR OF THE INSTRUCTOR.

DEAR SIR,

TO-DAY I was reading the "Instructor." I noticed in the weekly Calendar a mention of the "Gossamer of September." Perhaps you are not aware, that in Catholic France, amongst the simple people (those empty vessels which the angel of inspiration fills, when he passes by the golden vessels teeming with the richness of the world) there are several pretty conceits, which you cannot call *superstitions*, prevalent, concerning the "Gossamer." Some say, "It must be the light rovings of thread which the Blessed Virgin Mother throws off from her golden distaff in the skies." Some say, "It is incense floating from Bethlehem, wafted from the censers of the Sabæan kings;" and some declare, "It is light fragments of the Blue Mantle of Holy Mary, torn away from her chaste vesture when she carried the infant Saviour through the rocky glens of heathen Nile." Mons. Melist, a friend of —, once talked these tales to me, and then he wrote down in my note-book an irregular poem in his native language, called, "*Le fil de la Vierge.*" Last week, singularly enough, I made a paraphrase of it. I send it to you. It is very formal compared with the original, by *St. Aignan*.

In my poor simple childhood, when I saw
The Gossamer afloat upon the air,
My aged nurse, whose lip gave love's own law,
Hastened my little stumbling feet with care:
"Oh Virgin Mother! Hail!" she said with awe:
"The tender web which you see wafted there
Falls from her perfum'd distaff, and it flies
"Light as a shadow in the Autumn skies."
"Does it not come from Bethlehem?" I said.
"Frail vapour of the lovely incense stor'd
By the Armenian sages—angel-led
Unto the humble cradle of our Lord?
Perhaps the thorns of rocky Nile be-shred
The pale Blue Mantle—when, with mystic hoard,
The Queen of Saints the sand of Egypt trod,
Mortal and fugitive—concealing God!"

Ave! slight Gossamer! I love to see
Your slight festoon and tremulous career;
Because I claim a fond belief with thee,
Borne from the lucid faith of boyhood clear.
You come as turtle-dove once came to me,
Baffling all distance—a discreet courier,
Bearing to a poor captive in his woe,
One word of love, beneath the wings of snow.

Adieu! it is the evening—do not go
So near to earth, but shun deceitful bowers,
For cruel branches spread the briars below,
And twilight darkens woods, and hills, and towers.
Woo not luxuriant stems, which often show
Thorns well conceal'd in wreaths of odorous flowers;
Aloft in angel flight, speed through the air!
Fly near to God! true hearts are always there!

F. P. Palmer, Sept. 1844.*

How to be Poor.—Thomas Wyer, a brewer at the Boat Inn, Kidderminster, and who has numbered upwards of threescore and four years, has drunk for 35 years one gallon of ale per day, and spent ninepence per week in tobacco. The total amount he has expended is—for ale, £1,277; for tobacco, £67. In all, £1,344.

*From our gifted Correspondent and Friend we hope to hear frequently. [Ed.]

CONFERENCE OF THE PRUSSIAN CLERGY
AT BERLIN.

[FROM A CORRESPONDENT OF THE MORNING CHRONICLE, Aug. 30.]

BERLIN, JULY.—A very important conference of the Prussian clergy took place last month in this city. It was attended by about two hundred pastors, and about half that number of laymen, and lasted three days. And as the proceedings of this assembly throw a good deal of light upon the actual state of the evangelical church of this country, I think you will be pleased to have a brief account of the same.

On the first day of the Conference a discussion was opened on the 23d verse of the xxth chapter of St. John's Gospel:—"Whosoever sins ye remit, they are remitted unto them; and whosoever sins ye retain, they are retained;" and in explanation of this verse, a doctrine of a very Romish aspect was announced.

It was maintained by the majority of the speakers, that the power to forgive sins, conferred on the Apostles, had, inasmuch as it was not miraculous, descended to all ministers of the gospel. M. Gerlach, a counsellor of the Consistory of Berlin, who has resided in London, and often preached in the Lutheran church in the Savoy, seemed to regret, that individual confession of sins were not made to the minister previous to admission to the sacrament, when the sins of the confessor might be forgiven or retained, according to the state of heart he might manifest. Dr. Harnisch said, that "any congregation would confess themselves generally to be sinners, but would not to a single person confess their single and separate sins; that this, however, was necessary to reformation of conduct; that sins should be openly and specifically detailed; and that the discipline of the church of Rome, which required the private confession of secret sins to the priest, was, so far, good and wholesome." Superior Buchsel asked, "what difference there would be between the clergy and the laity, if the text in question had not particular reference to the clergy?" And the Pastor Alehring maintained that an unworthy priest might pronounce the forgiveness of sins, because this forgiveness neither depended on his personal character, nor upon his discernment of the heart of his penitent, but upon "the virtue of his office—*der kraft seines amtes.*"

Honesty of the Neapolitana.—Of the better class of Neapolitans we have received the most favourable impressions; never in our intercourse with them, having experienced any but the most satisfactory conduct, and in some instances, unusual politeness and honesty. We were lately at a shop, where the persons keeping it neither knew our names nor address, and we had only occasionally purchased a few small matters; in making a payment, some change was to be given; the shopkeeper had none, and he insisted on our taking back the piastre we had offered, saying he would rather we remained in his debt, for then he should be sure of our returning to his shop—a refined sort of compliment this, in its way. But a more substantial favour was done by a tradesman who returned three piastres that we had overpaid; and another took the trouble of bringing a gold chain and some ornaments that my daughters had very carelessly left on his counter. He was a dealer in the same things, but these purchases had been made elsewhere: he fortunately knew our address, and lost no time in replacing the stray articles, even before they were missed.—*Winter in Italy.*

Wary ambition sacrifices the present to the future; sensual pleasure, which is blind, sacrifices the future to the present; but envy, avarice, and the other base passions, embitter both the present and the future.

Review.

AYTON PRIORY; OR, THE RESTORED MONASTERY.

Published by Deighlons, Cambridge; Rivingtons, London.

THIS pleasing little tale, from the pen of a clergyman of the Church of England, the Rev. John Neale, is intended, according to the author's own statement, "as well to set forth the advantages, and all but necessity, of the re-introduction of monasteries, as to suggest certain practical details connected with their establishment and subsequent working.

"It is put forth on the part of the writer with feelings of the greatest diffidence; not because he entertains any doubt as to the truth or reality of the views he has advocated, but from a sense of his own inadequacy to support them as they ought to be supported, and from a fear that his having undertaken such an office may be regarded as presumptuous."

His opinion of those engaged in the change of religion in this country some three hundred years ago, and of their hypocritical and unjustifiable spoliation of Church property, may be pretty clearly learned from the following passage, as well as of the manifold blessings which our social condition and piety would derive from the restoration of conventual establishments.

"The points on which the following pages chiefly insist are these:

"That the Dissolution of monasteries under Henry VIII. was a horrible crime; as involving not only the deepest sacrilege, but also cruelty to the tenants and injustice to the founders: that sacrilege has always been regarded, even in its lower degrees, by the Church, as one of the blackest of sins: that the curse by which every religious foundation was guarded, has followed the spoilers and their descendants, in a most remarkable manner, to the present day: that the defences urged in exculpation of Henry's proceedings, from the superstition and abuses of monasteries, are totally false in point of fact, and if they were true, irrelevant to the matter: that the Dissolution was forced on, not approved by, the Church: that the testimonies in favour of the general good discipline of the dissolved houses is the stronger, as coming from the parties most interested in their downfall: that monasteries have from the earliest times existed in every branch of the Church: that the blessing of the intercessory prayer constantly made in them is incalculable: that the Church system, involving nightly, as well as daily, supplication, can no where else be fully acted out; that a body of men, deeply read in ecclesiastical history and controversy, and surrounded by an atmosphere of Church feeling, would be fostered in them, which would be ready to oppose any new attack of heresy or infidelity: that colleges cannot, in this respect, possess the same advantages: that self-discipline could, in religious houses be practised more regularly, and closer communion with God be more attainable: that they would be invaluable as abodes for young men between their leaving the University and entering on the cure of souls, as supplying a course of training, intellectual, moral, and religious: that aged priests might be thus provided with an asylum, who now, though physically unequal to their duty, must either retain it, or be reduced to poverty: that important ecclesiasti-

cal works might here be undertaken with the advantage of uninterrupted opportunities and leisure, hallowed by religion, and a division of labour: that an asylum would be furnished for such as were without friends, or who, in the decline of life, wished to devote all their time and thoughts to the preparation for their approaching change: that those, who are immersed in business, or otherwise entangled in worldly pursuits, might here, in such seasons as Lent or Advent, find a place of salutary retirement: that the diminution of personal and other expenses on the part of the inmates would set free a large portion of wealth for the service of God: that the poor might be tended in them, both spiritually and corporeally; education carried on upon strictly sound principles; funds for church-building amassed; and church artists trained in devotional as well as professional habits."

But it is time to introduce our readers to the chief personages of Monk Teynton, a hamlet near the ruined abbey, and as several of them are now assembled after dinner under the roof of Sir John Morley, the owner of the hamlet, we may as well become acquainted with them as they are chatting together.

"Besides Sir John Morley himself, who, with his tall muscular figure, high forehead, and bright eye, seemed yet in the full vigour of his strength, although more than a few grey hairs were to be seen on his head; and Col. Abberley, whose spare and well-built form, and dark complexion, showed clearly how many of his days had been spent in the field; there were Charles Abberley, the son of the latter; Mr. Wallis, the Vicar of Teynton, a clergyman who, had his youth been thrown in a time when the Church was putting forth her energies, might have proved a more efficient soldier in her ranks, but who was now almost past active service; Mr. Trenton, who, having amassed a considerable fortune at Birmingham, was now endeavouring to pass the remainder of his days in the pursuits and amusements of a country gentleman; Sir Thomas Underby, a baronet of very ancient family, and of the evied creation of 1611; and lastly George Morley, Sir John's second son, who, as curate to Mr. Wallis, took on himself all the responsibility of the parish management, and who was eventually, the living being in Sir John's gift, to succeed to its actual incumbency."

Sir John Morley has possessed the great tithes of Monk Teynton for many years, and begins to have scruples respecting his rights as a layman to retain them. The *Church Revenue Bill*, just then brought before parliament, gives him occasion to go deeply into the subject, and the result of his inquiries is given in two or three sentences.

"To divert money from the purposes to which pious founders and benefactors, now with God, had appropriated it, even though it were for the promotion of religion in another way, I could not but think most unjust to those who cannot now raise their voices in behalf of their own rights, most cruel to those who very willingly spent and were spent for us, and most dangerous by way of example to future depredators, and as checking many a benevolent impulse, lest the money designed for a particular charity might hereafter be diverted into a channel which the bequeather of that money would not approve.

"Well," resumed Sir John Morley, "if this were my opinion of the diversion of funds from one religious purpose to another, what, it struck me, must be the guilt of those, who appropriate

the wealth intended for the service of the Church to their own private use? And what, it naturally followed, have I been doing as a lay rector for so many years? Have I not been, in ignorance it is true, robbing God, and will not all that sum be required at my hands? The more I thought, and the more I read, the more sensible did I become of the danger of such an impropriation; and I can assure you that I quite trembled as I turned page after page of Sir Henry Spelman's History of Sacrilege, and his *De non Temerandis Ecclesiis*. It is my earnest wish to repair, as far as I am able, the wrong I have done; and so far as concerns the past, I am determined that I will."

As the income arising from the impropriate tithes was £400 a year, and the worthy baronet had been in possession of them twenty-nine years, he considered that he was indebted to the church the sum of £11,600 and for the interest of the same at four per cent. £4,560. With the consent of his eldest son, then, who has just returned from the university, he resolves to restore £16,160 to religious uses; and as the tithes had originally belonged to Ayton Priory, it is first of all proposed to apply this money to the building and endowment of a church in that neighbourhood; Monk Teynton and the tithes of Ayton, then, we see belonging to Sir John, but the Priory itself of Ayton is in the possession of Colonel Abberley. The seats of these two gentlemen are very prettily described, and we conclude our first notice of this little tale by a description of the Hall and the Priory, and with an account of the plundering by the Reformers of the treasures of the Priory.

"There are few prettier villages among the lovely hamlets of England than that of Monk Teynton, as it meets the eye of the traveller, when he first gazes on its tall spire and quiet valley. You have the picturesque village street, with the red sandstone of the cottage walls, the well-thatched eaves, the thick chimneystacks, the trellised porches; you see, beautiful even in its ruins, the village cross: and the cottagers' gardens, trimmed into quaintly shaped beds with borders of box, are gay with roses, or honeysuckles, or dahlias, according to the time of year, and betoken a kind landlord and industrious tenants. The grey old church, with its steep roof and intricate windows, and glass tinged with all the hues of the rainbow, is a rich prize to the sketch-book of the lovers of architectural beauty; and opposite to it, but half concealed by a shrubbery of birch, and laburnums, and lilac, is the modest parsonage, with its green gate and shady gravel walk. Beyond it, the lane winds on by the side of Teynton Park, a worthy example of what the seat of a country gentleman should be. Here are the sunk fence, the undulating expanse of turf, the giant oaks or chestnuts that stand here and there like solitary sentinels, the red fallow-deer that glance in the sun, as they hurry from one glade to another, the old Elizabethan house, with its square-headed windows, stone mullions, and Corinthian doorway, the preserve of game, the silvery river that glides winding through the park. Well might the noble mansion and the broad demesne sometimes force from the passer-by the thought—Sir John Morley must be a happy man."

"But that which, in the opinion of the good folks of Monk Teynton, was the glory of their village—and they were right—was Ayton Priory. It had been a Cistercian house, and occupied, as such always did, the loveliest spot for miles around.

Situated where the river, by a sudden bend, left a 'coin of vantage' for such a building, the modest refectory and lofty church tower were reflected in the quiet waters; and the cloisture ran across them on a bridge of three fair arches. Many a religious man, sick of the vanity and tumults of the world, had here dedicated the evening of his days to God; many an one, happier than he, had here rested him all his life long; and many, whose labours of love had endeared them to the villagers around, but whose piety and humility were known only to their Maker, slept in the hallowed aisles, and left behind them only their names, and their humble prayer for mercy. The prior and monk were laid side by side; and some, who had borne arms for the cross, and signalized themselves by deeds of valour against the cruel Saracen, craved as a favour to 'lay their bones beside the bones' of the ecclesiastics. The last prior but one, filled as it were with a presentiment of coming evil, caused the words to be added to his brazen legend, 'For ye tender mercie of Jhesu let them rest in peace.'

"With a hundred other richer foundations, Ayton Priory was bestowed by Henry VIII. on Lord Cromwell; and the agent whom he employed in turning the estate into money, gloated over the treasure which the abbey church presented to his sacrilegious eyes. 'I think,' so he wrote to his infamous employer, 'that your lordship did never see more curiously wrought work, both of tapestry and hangings, embroidery and vestments, pixes and thuribles, chaliceys and lamps, than bee in this place. I have thought fit to make a note of such, to the intent that your honour may know both its riches and my diligence. There were eight great tombes of alabaster, diversely carvyd with cherubim and saints, also with the portraietures of them that were buried in them, all wrought to the life. These, with notable payns, we brake down o' Monday last; and the alabaster I did give to Gregory Digges, the bricklayer, for his trouble, to make lime of. Also ten or twelve brassees, which we tost up, and which bee for the melting pot. Item, five chaliceys, silver gilt, set with rubys stones; a reliquary, chacyd very curiously, and inlaid with certain gemmes. Item, two crosses of golde, and three of silver. Now we are a pulling down the lead from the roof, of which I shall in due tyme advertise your honour. And so,' continued the impious wretch, 'I commend you to the keepynge of Almighty God.'

Love Better than Fear.—The great duty of life is not to give pain; and the most acute reasoner cannot find an excuse for one who voluntarily wounds the heart of a fellow-creature. Even for their own sakes, people should show kindness and regard to their dependents. They are often better served in trifles, in proportion as they are rather feared than loved; but how small is this gain compared to the loss sustained in all the weightier affairs of life! Then the faithful servant shows himself at once as a friend, while one who serves from fear shows himself as an enemy.—*The Solitary One*, by Frederika Bremer.

Always Respect Sorrow.—Never should one dispute about the misfortune, the pain which another feels. We suffer in so many different ways, and from so many different causes; we are so variously organised, and the relation of external circumstances to our moral feelings is so unlike our emotions, our capacities are so various and unequal, that it is almost impossible for one to judge of the circumstances of another. Whenever we see sorrow, let us respect it, if we are not happy enough to be able to alleviate it!—

The Solitary One, by Frederika Bremer.

